

THE LEE REVIEW

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The Lee Review
Spring 2001

Presents

New Campus Styles

editor's awards for outstanding submission

i've never liked fishing...merinda simmons...poetry
skunk hour...wesley biddy...prose
self-portrait...elizabeth schirmers...art

literature

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LEE REVIEW POLICY

It is often said that spring is a time of new beginnings. This year's literary magazine is no exception. Perhaps the most visible change is our name: *The Lee Review*. As creation annually comes out of her dormant state and allows the world to reacquaint itself with the beauty of God's handiwork, so have we of *The Lee Review* emerged from what has preceded us with a work that is new, bold, and an offering of the best that we have. We hope that you, the reader, will find within this magazine our commitment to publishing quality work -- poetry, prose, music, and art.

The Lee Review wishes to acknowledge those who seek to glorify God with the gifts that He has provided them. To that end, we have diligently labored to produce a publication that we, the staff, students, and faculty of Lee University, can pride ourselves in. We regret that not everything submitted to the magazine can be published. However, we have attempted to select those works which we find to best reflect this magazine's commitment to presenting through art the truth of an authentic Christian life, rife with heartache, questions, struggles, failures, victories, joy, happiness, answers, exuberance, and lament. We ask that as you read through this anthology, you seek to understand the vast nature of God and the many ways He works among His beloved people.

I would have been better, born a Viking.
Life would be easier if I were a Nord -
I would be eating, bragging and fighting,
And maybe I'd kill something with a sword.

At night, we'd gather in our king's great hall,
Around tables of meat and mead and ale,
With lots of women, subservient all;
Oh, what a wonderful time to be male!

We'd wear helmets with horns, and big furry boots,
And carry obnoxiously big axes, too!
Fighting, grunting, we'd be delightful brutes;
Let's face it - what else would there be to do?

Forget all this hassle, traffic and cars -
Starting Monday, you can just call me Lars.

Jealous see me after classify
my wounds are wound around
and around we go where we
please pass the salt stings our eyes have it
in by tomorrow for ten per sentinels (off)
guard the door swings
O pen, why can't you form the words I need
to tell you some things are better
left un sedative to help you sleep off
the hazy humor of burnt-out ends of
daisies and nightshades are drawn
for the duel saloons (or is that just
double visions of angels in trees?
Come on Blake, that's a little far)
fetch a pail of water down the argue meant
for the boss but taken out on the you're kidding,
right? or left me standing-dong ringing of
the Belle Dame Sans mercy is not one of the fruits
of the spirit but could have bend down
and see what may be read between the line
up and get what's coming to youthful aspira shuns
the ways of the elders know what they're talking
about things I'd rather just not here we go again

fishboy


jay adams

fishboy wears his
dirty hands like a
baseball glove, and he
uses them to catch
slowly trout.
trout fly fast and
slowly are caught, when
fishboy uses his
baseball glove hands.
but
he's terrible with Mahi-Mahi,
and

all he wants

is a green card
for his dirty
baseball glove
hands
and probably a clean towel.

(the author would like to point out that sometimes
men are more feminist than their women)

Drowned by styrofoam peanuts
 (the packaging of delicate situations)
And guava stains just a little too pink
 (for the lips of a feminist),
Her domestic suspicion led her to a pair of sour-ball, round-faced sisters
 (what independent women are anyway)
And myriads of helpless scenarios
 (three is overwhelming to a fragile princess)
Her future mother-in-law should have bought her
soup ladles
crock pots
three-wick candles
 (to see the face of her husband) because
She'll never be Todd Kornstein.

entropy

bob waycott

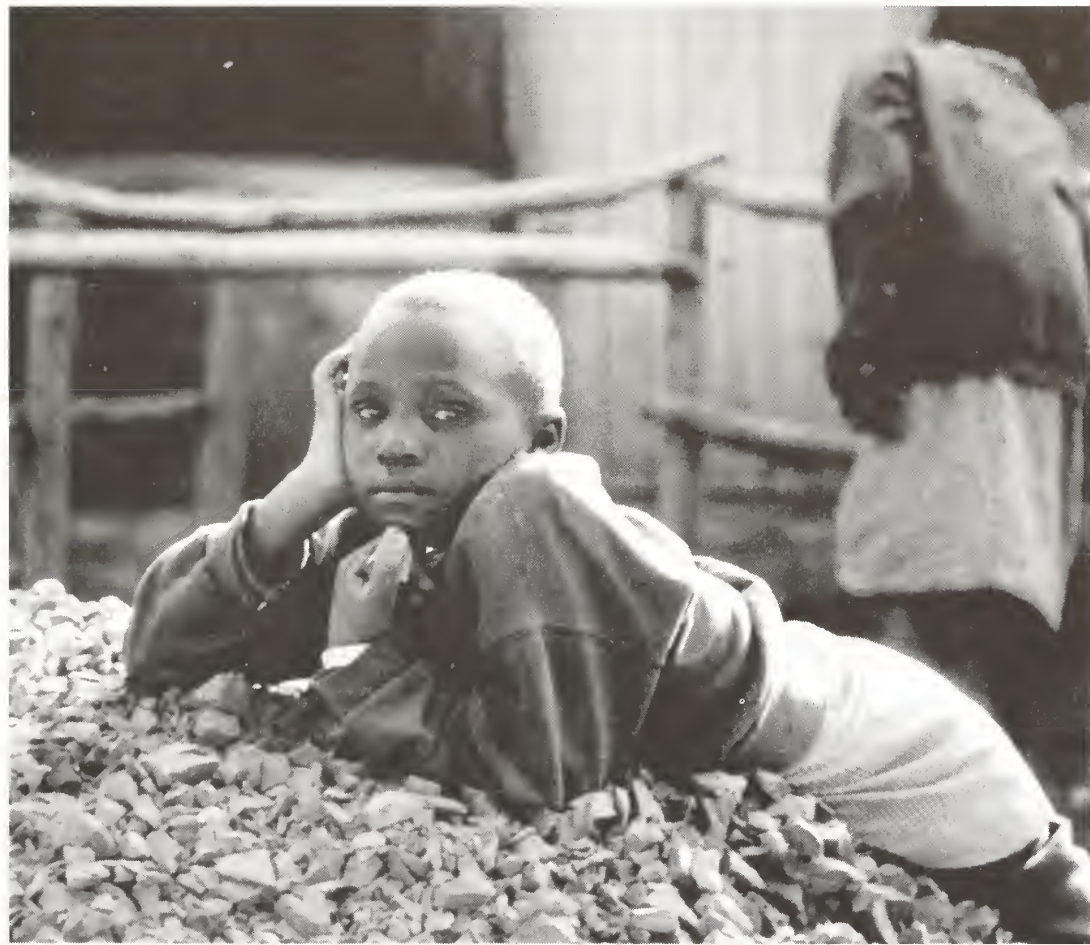
take it thirty-seven steps at a
time goes up and down and back
again i tell you nothings
real is a figment of our
imagination is much more important than
knowledge is what we all
seek and ye shall find says
the good man is fallen and so deprived of
good things come to those who
wait on me and my
whole piece of pie on my
plate and bowl and fork and
spoon the ice cream to my
face the facts of what is not
there is something hidden behind the
truth is given to us watered
down the rabbit hole like alice did that
day time and nite time and this time and
that time i saw you over
there is a spot on my
brown shirts running all over the
place your head in
your hands are pretty things that i like to
hold onto your hat and dont let it
lose the cute ive-never-done-that
look at me and my hurt
family is the thing that just tears us in
two doubled twice makes 8
i think
way too much on my
dish it out cos i cant eat
it all just doesnt make any

The alarm sounds off
Three consecutive beeps
Beep, beep, beep
The horn of the BMW
Bleets out a warning
As I drive past my
Nice condominium in bustling New York City
Hummm, Hummm, Hummm
The constant drilling on the watery pavement
Continues
When will they ever actually
Finish that?
Traffic all over today
Again as I sit in a bright yellow taxi
Iranian old, weathered man cursing,
Driving crooked on 5th Avenue
I furtively glance at the handsome young
Stockbroker directly to my left
Deep, glowing, penetrating brown eyes
They see straight into me, even through
Me
Beep, Beep, Beep
My white wall comes into focus
Slowly
Time for a fast shower
Back to the reality of
My life
Or is this reality?

child on rocks



diane smith



(Craig sits on curb outside of restaurant. Patty, a waitress, enters from restaurant.)

Patty: Hey, are you okay?

Craig: Yes, I'm fine, thank you.

Patty: *(nervously)* I, I saw you eating that baked potato.

Craig: *(rudely)* Oh, yes? That's very interesting. You must be very proud of yourself.

Patty: I've never seen anyone eat a baked potato like that.
(Pause. He looks at her, then back to oblivion.) It was . . . beautiful.

Craig: What?

Patty: I was enraptured. The sheer elegance of your means of consuming that potato was wholly intoxicating. I . . . you took my breath away. *(Pause. He looks at her once more.)* It was unlike anything I have ever seen before. It was like, you know, like all my life I've been searching for something . . . for someone. And then there it was . . . *(She comes to him.)* There you were. You eating that potato was the most beautiful thing I've ever seen. I felt like the shepherd suddenly confronted by the Heavenly Host. Sir, my life will never be the same. I have seen beauty that bends the universe around it and I never want to see anything but that beauty again.

Craig: Do you like to eat potatoes?

Patty: They are my life! Of course, I'm only an amateur compared to you. You . . . why, you're a potato-eating master!

Craig: Well, thank you. I do have many years of experience.

Patty: If you don't mind my asking, have you studied in Ireland?

Craig: Ah, my naïve little lamb. There is so much you still have to learn. You have fallen prey to the most common potato misconception known to man! The Irish influence in today's potato world is grossly overestimated. Certainly there was a time, for many years, in fact, when the Irish crop dominated the world's supply. We owe much to the Irish. But ever since the great potato famine that brought so many Irish immigrants to America, the Irish influence has been greatly diminished. You see, suddenly there were no Irish potatoes. We of the potato world had to adapt. We started growing our own potatoes and soon we realized that, as far as potatoes go, we didn't need the Irish. It was they who needed us! Ever since then, the Irish crop has only supplemented that of the rest of the world. The era of Irish dominion is over.

Patty: You speak like one who has been a potato. When you say that word: "potato," why, it seems as if the word were made to be said by you. Please, say it again.

Craig: Potato.

(Patty goes into excited, girlish squeals, nothing lewd, of course.)

Patty: Sir, will you show me your ways? I'm a quick learner. I won't get in your way, I promise. I'll help you.

Craig: Hmm, an assistant.

Patty: No, sir. A disciple.

Craig: I could use a disciple to journey with me on my quest for the true way of the potato.

Patty: I would follow you to the ends of the earth. I would help you, advise you, serve you . . . love you.

Craig: Love?

Patty: Yes. Love that supercedes the petty occupations of this world and aspires to the standard worthy of our luscious apples of the earth, the potatoes that we will share . . . the potatoes that we will be. Sir, I swear by all the potatoes that when I saw you take the first bite, undying, unquenchable love overthrew my soul, overthrew my life and I now exist to love you . . . you and potatoes . . . my entire world, my . . . essence.

Craig: *(overcome with emotion)* My sweet . . . my . . .

Patty: Disciple.

Craig: My love. *(They fall into each other's lips in the most passionate kiss the stage has ever seen.)*

THE END

oriental structure

katherine holloway



wesley biddy

Well, I won't go so far as to say the skunk was *responsible* for our porch getting burned down, but it certainly never would have happened if it hadn't been so antagonistic - I think everyone can agree on that. Still, you had to feel sorry for it, lying there dead with its head staked to the ground when the char marks on its back finally had it looking like a real skunk for the first time in its life. Wait - let me just start over.

I was eight years old and staying - along with nearly a dozen siblings, cousins, parents, aunts and uncles, and some old man I didn't know who was always mumbling and spitting tobacco juice - at my grandparents' summer cabin in Michigan. I won't give you the family tree breakdown right now; what's important to know about is this hyperactive Labrador/Terrier mutt named Stanley that belonged to my cousin, Angela. One day Stanley had chased this crazy albino skunk - an *albino* skunk - under the front porch of the cabin where there were a bunch of dry leaves and some of my grandfather's old oil rags from his short-lived hobby of amateur auto-mechanics; the skunk, of course, sprayed Stanley horribly but Stan apparently didn't think very much of it because he proceeded to make getting himself sprayed a near-daily regimen as he kept the skunk almost completely sequestered under the porch and kept us, by default, almost completely sequestered from going out on it.

My Aunt Janet accused the skunk of orchestrating the whole affair. She said she had seen on National Geographic that albino animals got sunburned easily, so it's probably thrilled to find a semi-permanent place to live that's near some food and you know I was *sure* I had a third slice of watermelon out here the other day and I never did find out where it went I'll bet you anything that skunk snatched it when my back was turned the little devil's probably under

there right now laughing its furry behind off at us - mm-hmmm, plotted out the whole thing - crafty, demented, sociopathic rodent. We kids swallowed her paranoia voraciously, which bred among us hushed stories that the skunk crept into our bedroom at night and stole our stuff; my younger brother, Andrew, passionately swore that he woke up one night to find the skunk sitting on his pillow, chewing on a GI Joe figure, and someone else swore they'd gotten up to go to the bathroom and seen it eating a sandwich and watching Cinemax in the middle of the night, and then Angela swore it had bitten her on the leg and we all called her a liar and told her to shut up. This went on for a couple of weeks and though my dad and two uncles had been planning to clear out the mess under the porch, no one was going to crawl under there with a trigger-happy albino skunk bent on revenge against the world that had disguised it from its own species as a bushy-tailed possum and then vilified it for not smelling like a housecat when nearsighted grandmothers tried to carry it home. Having no idea how to trap a skunk, the men rigged a parody of a Boy Scout trap near the porch with a noose and a bent sapling with cheese for bait and then didn't seem to think of it again.

At any rate, we eventually decided it was worth the risk to go out onto the porch for the breeze's sake since the cabin's air conditioning system was becoming menopausal, and because no one heard or saw or, thanks be to God, smelled the skunk, we generally indulged ourselves in the belief that it had escaped and thereby put an end to its own equivocal Reign of Terror. We were all sitting out there one afternoon, the adults smoking and pouring extra sugar into their lemonade and we kids alternately kicking around a soccer ball in the yard and coming back to the porch where we utterly failed for an hour to learn from my mom the rules of playing jacks. Stanley waddled over to a potted ficus and began chewing on it so that someone would yell at him. Uncle Mike was so happy to oblige.

"Stanley, stop munching the ficus!" And of course Stanley did not stop munching the ficus because he was a

puppy, and no puppy worth his salt ever stopped munching a ficus just because someone told him to. Instead, he vomited into the pot and scampered out into the yard to pee on something.

I don't know who first smelled smoke that night. It was my grandmother who burst into our bedroom and started cramming our feet into all the wrong shoes as she blabbered hysterically that we were all going to be burned alive hurry up and get your shoes on you'll get ringworms they'll suck up all your blood and your fingers and noses will fall off you don't want little worms crawling around in your feet and intestines, do you? I staggered, drunk with sleep, out of bed and toward the door wearing my cousin's left Strawberry Shortcake sneaker and my grandfather's right slipper - on the wrong feet - and wondering with vague terror what my intestines were and why being barefoot outside would put little worms in them.

Someone had apparently dropped a cigarette butt through a crack in the porch floor earlier and now it was ablaze. People were pouring out of the house and forming a relay chain to bring buckets of water from the pond 100 yards away while that old man with the tobacco juice trained a hose on the fire and mumbled. The only fire department in the country took 25 minutes to get there, by which time there was little left to do except for everyone to talk at once and for no one to listen as the charred, drenched planks steamed in the moonlight.

Amid this babelesque pandemonium, someone noticed a sapling being dragged across the yard, and the dissonant jumble of competing voices became a blur of arms and legs racing over to see the skunk with its head in the noose by which it had, in its panic and adrenaline rush, uprooted the sapling that it was doggedly dragging. By some bizarre twist of fate, it had run from under the porch directly into what was passing for a trap. It was also spraying with supernatural vigor. The skunk had apparently squeezed between two blackened, collapsed boards when it escaped, because either

side of its body was streaked as dark as coal straddling the brilliant white shock of white fur in the middle. This metamorphosis, this attainment of Nirvana, seemed to have conferred upon the skunk an unholy spraying prowess, but the creature was mortally wounded - from smoke inhalation, we later surmised - and it was channeling all of its gift into a final, almost poetic, outburst: like doughboys caught in no-man's land, we were all cut down in the swath of its stench.

Something happened, though, that I'm not sure I can fully describe; I think there was a moment - an "It's a Wonderful Life" kind of moment - in which we all came to feel this transcendent bond with the skunk that forgave all record of mutual wrongs, past and present, intentional and unintentional - a moment, if you will, when we became skunks and the skunk became a man (well, or a woman - we never lifted the tail to find out). The skunk was obviously dying, but my grandfather's gun was being repaired and the firemen wouldn't go anywhere near the skunk or us, which meant the only thing anyone knew to use to put it down with was my dad's hunting crossbow. This was fetched, and the Catholic branch of the family wiped crosses on themselves and our mothers made us look away while my dad pulled the trigger and nailed the skunk's head to the ground as its soul flew to heaven. Aunt Janet stifled a tear and declared that it had been a good skunk, after all, and not a criminal mastermind as she had supposed, and let everyone remember she said so, to which we all nodded in assent.

A couple of the men stayed behind to dig a grave and the other adults led us all back toward the cabin to try to get bathed and to return all shoes to their rightful owners. Several hours later, after our moms had plugged our chattering mouths with peanut butter and jelly sandwiches, after our dads had vindicated themselves as the family's brave protectors by poking at a ridiculous length through the excessively soggy ashes, we all crawled back into bed and when Angela said that it was only a stupid skunk and not such a big deal, we all called her a liar and told her to shut up. For the rest of

the summer we kids woke up seeing the skunk with its halo
sitting on our pillows and we put each other to sleep retelling
elaborate myths of its adventures.

child in front of wall

diane smith



One foot in front of the other, he sniffed the shifting air quietly, narrowing his eyes. He took another step forward, slowly, careful not to startle the small white rabbit.

He had mostly gray and white markings. A few darker grays on his face around his eyes, but he blended in with the snowy landscape behind him. He was a full bred wolf, if there is such a thing. Two others not twenty long paces from him and the rabbit crouched, ready to spring into action. One closer than he, but blocked by some brush. Again, he crept forward, his mouth watering as he peered at the small, defenseless rabbit gnawing on some dead twigs. Another slow step. Sinking into the snow brought him even closer. He lowered his body, ears pressed against the top of his head. For a moment he closed his eyes and let his better senses take over. The sweet aroma of the rabbit made its way to him, teasing his nostrils. He licked his snout with a long warm tongue and opened his eyes. The slight wind brushed against his side, blowing his fur slightly. Then it changed, pushing into his tail and back. His eyes darted back to the rabbit, who had caught the change in wind, and with it the slight sense of danger.

A twig snapped. The younger of the three had done it. He hadn't learned yet how to have patience, though it was too late for lectures on patience now. The wolf sprang into action, lunging itself at the rabbit. As expected, it took off in the opposite direction, heading for the brush. He darted after the tiny white bundle of meat, snapping just inches from its back. The wolf behind the brush waited until the time was just right. Out he charged after the food. He was the oldest, and slowest, but his sprint was still nothing to bargain with. One would have thought the rabbit would have had a heart attack right there, and died. Nonetheless, it darted around the old wolf. A snapping jaw popped loudly, just missing the rabbit's

long ears. The old one swiped a paw quickly at the rabbit's hind legs, connecting with them. The rabbit stumbled once, then twice, but the swipe had slowed the old one down more than the rabbit. The younger wolf lunged half a foot into the air, planning to pen the rabbit down. He missed and only got in the way of the other two, after which he took off after the rabbit.

The other two knew better and stopped, watching quietly. The leader rested his head on his older brother's back, sighing. His brother watched with lupine eyes at the futile attempts of their younger brother. Perhaps they would catch something tomorrow.

cold

cari mcglamery

Cold.
So cold.
Your nose
My hands
Our feet.
Steam is rising off
The exhaling of our hearts
Swirling up into the sky's bleak face.
I'd like to slap it
Just to warm it up some.

cutlet
(a poem for my son, colt, dressed for halloween)

matt mcclung

Regard the Coltman;
Look upon his works and tremble.
For he is wise,
powerful, hungry,
cloned, manipulative,
resourceful, and
beautiful to behold.
He is mine.

The air tastes like guava
Juices drip down my chin
As children scurry under water
Fountains of lemonade and ice cream
Soft slices slide into me
I gulp of sun-ripened
Freshness from the fruit-stand.

The sun dances across the stage,
Running through sugar plum fairies
And swans swimming
In the cotton-candy clouds.
The world spins on the tilt-a-whirl
In the carnival, as the universe rides
The ferris wheel just a little higher.

Scents of sausages,
Onions and peppers dance
Through the funnel cakes behind
The haunted house while
Candied apples turn
To caramel popcorn on the carousel.
I dizzy on the roller coaster
As we fly by the waterslides
And jump the track
Into the lemon-drop sky.

interplanet janet's walden

julia klugewicz

(On May 26, 2000. Dr. Janet Rahamut asked me to write a poem about our experience of visiting Walden Pond that day. I jotted down several ideas, but it wasn't until after her death a week later that her love for this place truly came alive to me. I saw why it gave her such peace, and I long to better understand the world through the eyes of God, which she so earnestly saw.)

The bald eagle soars boldly,
its shadow cascading across
the silvery ripples. Walden Pond
was never so glorious as it is
here - now -
Carefree, cushioned by the lush grass
and crisp leaves crackling,
you settle down and breathe,
echoing laughter and grace
across the forest. The rustic shelter
Thoreau called home, thoroughly
surrounded by shady trees and
green beans rising up against
the weedy dead.
Trails of glory left by the paths
you trod. Your laughter echoes
across time and expanse.
The forest and eternity have
no walls to withhold it.

Called blinking from their stone pillows
The monks shuffle-scuff in silence
Down the night-stairs to a dark abbey,
Bodies sacks of clay, a few eyes canny
In the flailing taper-flames that fracture
Against the thick regiment of roof-beams.

When the peasants come, they cluster
Behind the screen hiding Cistercian from serf,
And gape at the windows, their lives like lead
Twining through each glass phase of miracle.
The disembodied voices of the monks ascend,
Descend their somber Jacob's ladder.

The monks are gone, disbanded by Henry VIII,
The roof rotted away, the abbey collapsed.
Of the cloister only the foundation remains,
The medieval chambered faith abandoned.
Grass grows in the nave, the window frames naked and angular as
picked bones.

And now the light bounds through clean space
With the antiqued grace of late afternoon,
Glowing in swaths of unstained gold
Across the walls like an old woman's cheeks.
This is the translucent beauty of the worn,
The bowed abbey decked in cloth of gold.

Through the windows stripped of formula
The ascent to the sweet, immovable wing
Of hill, towering, soft with feathers of trees.
The awe and solace of the everlasting
To transfigure us, through the battery of years -
No longer a Jacob but a Job's answer.

He saw Mary first,
With sleep lingering in her hair
 but never in her eyes,
Hypnotizing the wisest of gurus
And the most foolish of angels
By carrying a lamppost that glittered through the tar.

He never resented a day of spite and spit
 or malicious undertones of prosaic followers
Who gossiped while haggling for a chair or table or unique wedding
 gift.
He never resented a day of fresh bread or going to bed
 and children with a flair for artistry, mudpies,
 or following a father's orders.
Banging and nailing and sanding and staining punishment for real
 criminals and the accused,
He never knew that his chosen gift could kill
Until grace had given him a new profession.

familiar

cari mcglamery

Doggedly I'm working toward amnesia
By degrees
Shrouding myself in layers of blindness, bliss, and disgust.
I have fled you across oceans
To hide
Buoyed up among the lotus and
Kaleidoscope colors
Thinking I might erase you
Or blend your name into the obscure
And lose your foreign words - those
Tumultuous tones which have baffled me so long -
Perhaps to forget you.
Forget you.
I've forgotten so much
Waking with numbing remembrances
Our days so vast the world could not encompass them.
Working, yes, straining to forget
I turn West and lean against a red dusk
Slide my fingers down the sky
To part the land and
Carve a rut
To your door.

Brownie crumbs,
scattered on a napkin,
an empty teacup towering above.

You pull yourself together,
but you still hide behind the shadow
of a dusty bookshelf
and magnified magnetic poetry.

Open books scream out
endless possibilities.
Words cling like magnets.
Patronizing candles burn images
into the contours of your mind.

A notebook gathers the word and wit
of an unsung poet.

The father's face swings open when he smiles
Like a double door, a paneled face,
Made of angles and clean, firm planes.
I think of red sandstone whittled bare by wind.
His daughter he displays on one broad knee--
She is two or three, thrilled by the bang-rattle
Of the early train hurtling into Boston,
Trying to kick her mint-green snow-boots off
Prodding her father with pink starburst hands.
I look out the window, across the Charles River
To the city like a comb with broken teeth.
The man next to me, grizzled, a limp rusty spring,
Is muttering impotently about tourists, about
That little blond button on her father's jacket,
That sweet chip of sunrise, with all the proud,
Poisoned grudge of the abandoned.

siftings, in summary
(abstract of a critical response)

rilla shawe

your secrets in orange envelopes,
uncamouflaged delicious melting lamps,
touched night and captured the moon living

barren

cari mcglamery

She graces this spot,
Arms raised over her head
Crowned with thirty years of womanhood
Milkless breasts rising to the air,
Her skin sweet with the scent
Of unborn children.

My dreams dance like soap bubbles
In this, the snow globe of my life.
You seem to turn things upside down
And shake me up till I'm dizzy,
But You're just watching the glory of Your creation.
Each little trip and tumble is a piece of your plan,
And You disrupt my static state of being
To make me float about in Your hand.
Only You know where each dream will fall.

You gave me a taste of something I could never keep;
Kissed! Moon-struck, reeling and wandering and stealing
Sweet honey dew and melon under the willow weep.

Abbeys of solace within your eyes cause my soul to leap.
Comfort and compassion collide with pain,
You gave me a taste of something I could never keep.

Blindly, you serenade my heart, as I lay wide asleep,
And halve my sanity! It is my heart you stain
Sweet honey dew and melon under the willow weep.

Turn your head. Open your eyes. Pull me into your deep.
Silence in softness between us - uncommonly plain -
You gave me a taste of something I could never keep.

I cannot confess this accident that threatens to seep
Through my dreams, my heart and into your rain;
Sweet honey dew and melon under the willow weep.

You kiss my heart in my fairy tale dreams and creep
From me as I drop my heart, only for it to break again.
You gave me a taste of something I could never keep:
Sweet honey dew and melon under the willow weep.

to spring

dr. janet rahamut

I saw you yesterday,
Leaping joyfully from lily to lily
As each nodded with amiable face
Toward the sun's faint rays.

I watched you hover expectantly
Above half-opened magnolia buds
And whisper blessings on infant apples
Forming on ancient limbs.

Fairy Sprite, I caught you reveling
In variegated verdancy,
Green upon green,
New leaves on gnarled winter trunks,
New life springing forth from old.

With fine hair flowing in an elusive breeze,
you lingered over the heady fragrance
Of honeysuckle and jasmine,
Palely luminous in the mist.

When I glanced quickly,
I saw you dancing in the rain,
Dewy face uplifted to the sky,
Anticipating the warmth and fullness
Of summer days to come.

But every now and then,
When a cool wind blew shivers down your spine,
A sadness filled your soft eyes,
An aching longing for what was to come
And an aching remembrance of what was past.

corner piano

katherine holloway



facing page:

woman with basket

diane smith



I asked an old man
Who wore a fishing vest and All-Stars
Why people concern themselves
With love and marriage and the whole bit,
And he said,
"Because kissing mackerels
Would leave a bad taste,
And deep down inside,
Everyone wants a minivan."

I sealed a letter with Elmer's Glue
And mailed it yesterday.
I didn't know the address -
I just wrote the name down
Of long lost what's her name
And hoped that the mailman
Would conveniently be a cousin or nephew
Who would know right where to take it.
He would if he were in a movie
Where love conquers all
And no one has to kiss a fish.
At some party a while ago,
I made a line from blocks of wood
That claimed to be "Poetry for Your Table."
They are for the chic, avant-garde type
Who have one-bedroom apartments
And only one wine glass.
They would never write for real.
But it said after I jumbled
The blocks around,
"dYsfuNctiopnAI **TRUST not** obsessive details is naked *free*."
So profound -
What the heck's dysfunctional trust?

Probably that spin cycle my stomach was on
When my ex asked me why I was lying
Like the time my mom
Found I had skipped school
To see a fortune teller.
It made me never want to buy
Gold hoop earrings for her.

I watched an old man
Eat a tuna sandwich -
Lick his fingers -
Kiss a fish -
And then asked him what it means
When more than a couple people
Ask you to stay out of their lives
In a short period of time.
He said that it's the same
As when a plug-in
Night light flickers
"It's supposed security
Somehow going out.
That's when everything goes dark
And insomniacs are born."

I couldn't sleep the other night,
So I put one of those 3-D puzzles
Together. It was of the Empire State Building
I thought of my aunt who had
Lots of hoop earrings and liked salmon.
Her favorite movie was
An Affair to Remember.
She liked to turn it off
After the pretty lady didn't show up
On Valentine's Day
She always shook her head at
Cary Grant and said, "Better luck next time."
Then she would say,

"That's what he gets with a name like 'Cary.'"
I guess she liked the idea of almost.
She had been married four times.

I asked the old man
After he retied the lace
Of his left All-Star,
"Why did Keith Moon die the way he did?"
"Because his name was all wrong.
That's not the name for a rock-n-roll
Drummer - it's the name for
A witch doctor with blue-lensed glasses
And striped tweed wraps.
Keith Moon wasn't supposed to be
Who he was.
He knew it, so he gave up.
Maybe it's okay now if you believe
In reincarnation. Maybe he's
talking Creole and raising the dead
With lizard's eyes and old yogurt."
When I told him I believed in God,
He said,
"Good for you, bad for Keith."

I asked the old man what the best
Way is to get along with and understand a woman.
He said,
"Once you find someone with the right hair color,
Watch *An Affair to Remember*
All the way through with her
And then, after complimenting
Cary Grant on his sensitivity,
Go shopping together
For minivans.

you and i
are strangers who journey down this aging road,
maybe catching a familiar friend like a shooting star
or remembering a face scarred.
and some of us are priests and some are thieves
who feel shame in shadows
but to both eyes we perceive
past the night
and see it could be me or you
who won't wake to new light

so before the wind blows
and our candles go out on this path
shall we tie hope to our souls
and pray to one day
awake to the warmth of a resting place?

and in crowds
most move forward to the pace of twenty-four,
for each second and hour reminds of our precious time
and those we don't want to leave behind.
and some are killers and some are lovers
who are looking for more
than what eyes see and believe
past the night
to know which are lies and are truth
to guide their path of life

so before the wind blows
and that candle goes out on this path
won't you trust in love's embrace
and pray to one day
awake to find your soul take to that resting place ?

will you kneel with me?
will you be here, will I see you there ?
will we rise from this ground
and another life share?

Gathering Splendor

Let me tell you of my Sav - ior.
 See the splen - dor of His col - ors,
 We're the grain of His plant - ing,
 May I al - ways be to Re - deem - ers
 Let us sing to our Lord;

I must praise my re - deem - ing Lord;
 Bur - nished um - ber, crim - son, gold;
 Wit - ness on His thou - sand hills;
 Wit - ness of the Spir - it's fruit;
 Songs of hum - ble gra - ti - tude;

How I walk in joy - ful splen - dor,
 How these teach us of His boun - ty
 Boun - teous gath - ering His la - bors,
 Sa - vory draught from con - sum - ma - tion
 In so do - ing may we hon - or

In Hea - ven's gifts con - tent,
 In our last har - vest fed,
 We wait for har - vest home,
 Of the world's dry emp - ti - ness,
 All bless - ings from our Lord.

Words: SARAH KANE
 Music: CHRIS ALFORD

Tune: GRACE ANNE

Caught you
Drifting through the hallways
Speaking to yourself in half tones
Wandering and calling out in search of that
Someone missing.

Someone missing.
A void of ghosts
Trapped and screaming in your head
As you search for someone who once had caught you.

*Mom is
That you wandering by
His side as he questions you
As he wonders how why and angrily questions
Your love.*

*Your love
Like a black heart
Haunts him as he struggles with
Unconditional forever other eternity words like where
Mom is.*

Caught you
Knowing someone is missing
You ask fears and no one
Knows where heaven is except it is where
Mom is.

the geographer's wife
(written in response to vermeer's the geographer)

sara rollins

I see you yearning to wander the maps you've drawn.
Your familiar face charts your thoughts
as surely as that from which your gaze strays.
You've talked of our traveling to distant shores -
of spun gold sands, of life without end.
But we are already here,
where we only can compass the path.

Here would I tease your untamed curls;
ask you to explore my arcs with calculations fine;
here rock under the starry skies, and say
"All your body's angles guide me to paradise."

But your wonder is bound to sailing She's.

So I, in my fleeting yearning flesh
 simply gaze . . .
on your permanent yearning to wander.

rilla shawe

Without fail the window slides down
at the sight of beret over bow over barstool.
Memory-old compulsion leans forward
that motion and melody might
just this once mesh into tangible inspiration, knowing
that an oblivious Taurus is inevitably too much
interference between angel and flattering child.
Illegible posterboard parallels cozy humanity
to its own inert forms of madness,
questioning the wind's intentions.
Willow-tressed nothing found
dismantled into available office space,
a clear-white late morning
glance in the mirror at the deposed muse
realizes the irony of fifteen years futility
in an unstrung violin.

i beheld . . .

dr. matthew melton

We breathed the light that was there before the sun
And crossed the uncrossed azure depths
And all the voided domes of deepest heaven
Past knowing and seeing and thinking

Thinking.

Where no walls stood, nor ruins of time
For time had never been there before
Nor whispered a moment
Where moments stretch to eternity

One drop
Of purest essence
Explodes
And we are

We laugh and fill the void with our singing
Echo and echo into the void
The Music of our sound is Substance
Strong and rooted as a tree

A Tree.

It is the substantial riddle
They did not grasp
The Song, the Substance - the Stuff of stuff
From Him, but us. Not him, but us.

And when they opened their mouths to sing
A song without Song
The void was rent
Then darkness.
They were gone.

They were gone.

Fear like a freight train, its whistle splitting the night;
Loathing like a Jehovah's Witness at my door in the still Southern night;
That dim stalker again, black robe hanging limply:
I'll bang my head against life until I understand it,
Perforate the x-ring until I find my target,
Coming here for forgiveness,
To lay peace, like a wreath,
Around the neck of the dead,
Where I would that I could wrap my arms.

This beach, a few miles from Hana,
Is surely the edge of the world.
Who would have thought there could be so many stars?
Their dancing message is encrypted,
Legible only in binary code:
Winking, open, open, open, winking.
The palm trees and their gaunt cousins at my back
Are nude El Greco figures holding up
Torn green umbrellas--midnight has sunk its teeth
Into them and is gorging itself
On their fruit and marrow, growing fat
So that it must sit lower in the sky.
A rabid sea foaming at the mouth
Lunges in dilirium at the sand
And is pulled back with chains by faceless ogres
Carrying seashell trumpets, the water
Fiercely clinging with its nails to the shore--
Its robes swirl about my feet for a moment
Before it is dragged away, roaring at futility.
I wandered out here looking for inspiration,
Words that could roll back the constellations,
Rewind time, but this is all I have found.
Standing on the edge of the world,
I am alone with the letters she wrote
That keep turning into years in my hands
And a blanket of stars that are simply not her eyes.

watercolor on cardboard
(based on picasso's weeping woman)

rilla shaw

With a fragmented face crystallized
by tears and traumas and too many protectionless corners to hide in,
she wails ice at the yellow-walled room.

Pastel flesh is framed by a billowing, contrast-stitched,
wants-to-be-black cloak and
motley, whatmoodamlin hair.

Spoon eyes drop tears past butterfly ears
under a primary / secondary /
antithetical to fashion hat
and its angular, azure, stark-petaled flower.

Every enclosing facet reflects
the disorder of a mind that hears every color
with astounding intricacy.

White walls no longer inverted redundant cosmic conspiracy
as kennings finally fade into faces and kisses
and Trotsky remains a theatrical accident belonging
with the onesonglory of artistic misinterpretation.

angelynn

sara rollins

Angelynn stood in the dark room's doorway and spoke to me about her death. Light behind her forced shadow over her face. Light behind her lit her hair. Her white shift gathered light inside itself and sent it out again with a softer glow. Her white shift trembled when she spoke, "Why did you betray me?"

The Yard Sale

Andrea Cummins

“Jonathan, did you put out the signs...Jonathan ?” I quickly arise from a deep slumber yelling for the assistance of my husband. It keeps getting more difficult for me to wake up. I reckon my days are just wear’n on me. I’m not as young as I used to be, but Jonathan still thinks I’m a catch. I hope that he is out sett’n up the signs. The signs announce today’s yard sale, and that means we can hopefully sell ‘nough things to help us get back home. We are both going to go home, home to Nevada. Some men stole our car one day and claimed that they had “just cause.” I think they did it for meanness. Without it, we can’t get back home. Those obnoxious men took my car and hid it from me, and as much as I try, I can’t seem to relocate it. Oh, I’ve tried, but they stop me. They always do. Them, the ones that are always watching, those nosey patrol-lers trying to stop a person from having the freedom to go home. Their stern, chiseled faces rarely display a smile and they are constantly holding a faithful clipboard as a companion. With every glare, they appear to be analyzing every move and every word I make. It seems they are marking off how many days a person has left. It reminds me of those “Columbo” episodes I watch that come after the “Lawrence Welk Show.” Yep, I’ve concluded that they work for the government, and I will never trust a democrat! Especially President Johnson, I’ll never forgive him for sending my boys off to war! I don’t like ‘em and never will and besides that I have proof that he is a communist and is involved in some illegal dealings.

Well, it looks like I’ll be doing the work myself since my husband is nowhere to be found. Now, where is my housecoat? The customers will all be here for the yard sale and my hair is still in rollers, and my dress is wrinkled. I must be very secretive about the sale. If my secret gets out that I’m having a yard sale, those government agents will find out and then

they'll know that I'm try'n to go home and they'll try to stop me again. I gingerly set out all of the things I plan on sell'n and I must be very careful not to make a noise. I even take extra precautions and tiptoe in my slippers across the floor so as not to make a peep. The items in the boxes are not of much value, but I believe that my slippers and petticoat will fetch me a good price 'long with my pendants. I hate to see 'em go, though, 'cause Mama gave 'em to me when I's a little girl. Mama gave me this pendant back at my first piano recital. I remember how nervous I was, but she promised that the jeweled butterfly would calm my nerves and bring me luck. She said that, ironically, wearing your butterflies on your shirt would stop the ones in your stomach from fluttr'n 'round. I would've believed anything Mama said, and maybe it were true 'cause my fingers flew over them ivory keys. However, sell'n 'em is the only way I'll have enough money to get back home. Now the colored glass is somewhat faded and scratched. The right wing's prongs have since lost hold of a majority of the colored stones. The once-vibrant blue and green hues have dulled to a dingy shimmer of color. Although one wing is missing some of the stones, it still catches the light in such a way that it appears to come alive as if life has been breathed back into it.

I wish now these hands could play with such ease again. Now I'm lucky if they can hold onto something without dropping it all over the floor. They ache from overuse—I am sure that is what it is—ever since I've been here, and that's why I must return home to Nevada. I fear if I do not get back soon, the dinner will not be on the table and laundry will not be hung in time for Jonathan to come home. That's the way it is: Jonathan works and I take care of our home. Yep, Mama will be there and Jonathan and...now then, I must get back to the yard sale. My mind does wander so much lately.

I have set out all I know will bring in any kind of good price, except my butterfly pendants. Mama said they would bring me luck when I would play the piano. I do miss Mama. She was a good woman and it was so sad to see the illness take

her. I would have believed anything that woman said.

I am quite tired and bothered by the fact that no one has come to the sale yet. It is close to noon and I've yet to see a single customer. Jonathan probably did not put out the signs. He is never anywhere to be found. Here I sit out of breath from exhaustion and he is off diddle-dallying around in his tool shed. Oh, but I still love him, and for that matter, always will. He swept me off my feet the first time I saw him. He was rather lanky, and slightly knobby in the knees. However, from the moment he introduced himself to me as Mr. Jonathan Young, I thought my heart was gonna stop and the good Lord was gonna take me home. We had a short courtship and married young. That was very common back 'n them days. Yep, we've been married for close to sixty years. We've shared many strange adventures in our day. We watched five children grow and start families. Then them families had families and it became a game between us to try to recognize 'em and put the correct names with the faces. Occasionally, they'll visit around the holidays and I'll have some dimple-faced child with chocolate smeared from mouth to ear crawl up in my lap and call me "Granny." Jonathan used to love that. He used to get out in the yard and play with 'em and let 'em crawl all over him. Shoot, we'd had a mess of people over. He'd always get tired and retreat back to his old leather recliner. That thing was so old that the leather had split along his arm rest and it was speckled from cigarette butts where he would fall asleep with a cigarette in his hand. The kids don't come 'round much these days.

Jonathan was so lanky, though. I chuckle to think about the first time he met Mama: "Millie, you better hang on to him 'cause the first big wind'll sweep him away." So lanky! Especially when he got sick. I never saw him like that before. His eyes were both sunk in and glazed over. His mouth became parched, and a pasty gray painted his dark skin, just like Mama's was. Ever since then, he has spent a lot of time in his tool shed. He is always up before I am and works late in his

shed and even remains there until I go to sleep.

I set my remaining belongings out and see my neighbor, Thelma. She's such a busybody. She's always putting her nose where it don't belong. She's got a tendency to be friendly with the widowed men around here, especially Mr. Evans two doors up. She's completely pathetic looking. She walks with a slight limp and always smells like mothballs. Her old, horn-rimmed glasses are missing a lens and her dresses always make her look lumpy, as if she forgot to wear her girdle. As if her appearance could not be more conspicuous, she insists on wearing an old mink scarf every day that's been worn bald around her neck. She always has a nervous twitch where her head shakes an uncontrollable shake. It is quite amusing and it looks like she has Tremors. She is always gossiping about Mr. Brisen, the schoolteacher, and me. Of course, I ain't for certain that he's a teacher, but that's what I've concluded. The man always carries around a chalkboard and writes what he wants to say on it. He mumbles so much that it is impossible to know what he is saying. I think it's because he's a Yankee and talks too fast, but he's not to be trusted either. He's got something wrong with him. His face is frozen in a stilled constipation and he cannot use most of his right side, so he staggers like a drunk. Never trust a staggering Yankee. If the truth be told, I think Thelma is the one that likes him, but he is the one who has taken a liking to me.

"Millie, what on earth are you doing sitt'n all of your belongings out?" she asks.

"I'm having a yard sale, Thelma, and if you tell those government agents what I'm doing so help me I'll shave that matted piece of fur around your neck and use it for a rug!" I snap back.

"Say what you will, but they'll find out and when they do you know what happens. So how are things with you and Henry Brisen, Millie? He's been writing about you again."

I ball up my hand in a fist just waiting for her to make another comment of insinuation about Mr. Brisen and me. It

infuriates me the way she always talks about him, and my Jonathan could be somewhere he could hear and mistake her gossip for gospel.

"Thelma, if you've come to buy someth'n then do so, but either buy someth'n or leave."

"No one wants your old modest belongings, after all I could never be seen in your quaint little overcoats," she sarcastically remarks, and with a pet of her mink shawl she walks out.

"Probably 'cause your flabby butt couldn't fit in my overcoats, you old coot!"

As Thelma sashays down the corridor, I see a faint figure of someone approaching over her shoulder. The white uniform and large clipboards affirm my fears that the figure is an agent. It's a government agent and they are coming to steal my things and stop me from going home! Thelma told them, I know she did. I must hide my things from them, or they will know of my trip to Nevada. One of these days I am gonna leave and none of 'em will stop me or know where I've gone. They always spoil everything. For example, last week's yard sale brought me no money, but I did exchange some of Thelma's carrots and sweet peas for an old picture frame. When they found out I was planning on going back home with the money, they made me return them. I decided that Thelma would look better wearing them. Now that I think of it, that was a bad waste of good food. Think it not cruel, but I know she told on me then too, so I just got the tattletale back. I cannot keep selling my things. They will eventually catch on 'cause the old codger tells on me.

"Mrs. Young, what on earth are you doing now?" an agent asks.

"Leave me alone, don't think I'm fooled to who you are." I snatch up my pendants from the yard sale pile.

"Mrs. Young, why have you laid all your things on your bed?"

"I'm having a yard sale and you can't stop me from going home!"

"Going home? Mrs. Young, put the pins down you might

prick yourself!"

"Don't tell me what to do you communist democrat, I'll stick you with it!"

I grab my overcoat and head for the door. However, a uniformed agent cuts me off and holds my wrist sternly.

"Mrs. Young, stop this. You are not going home to Nevada! You are home! This is your home! Wellington Manor, 'your home away from home.' Now calm down and try to remember where you are."

I shake my hand loose and step back from the agents. They are clever, but their conniving stories or lies do not fool me. However, in order for me to win this game, I must appease them and trick them into thinking I was wrong. I place the pendants down and turn towards my bed. I sit on my bed and bow my head. I am so clever, I even fake tears! I am truly not sorry and I am not fooled by their lies.

"I am so sorry," I lie, "I don't know what came over me. I am just an old woman and I forget where I am sometimes. My mind wanders. Please forgive me!" I beg.

The agent checks his clipboard and nods his head in satisfaction of my drama. Then, he leans to comfort me. "Now we cannot keep having you have outbursts like that, can we? You just forget things, that is all. You are older now, Mrs. Young, and that is understandable."

He wipes a fallen tear from my face and pats my shoulder. However, I ain't sorry and I do not mean a word of that rubbish. In fact, if he touches me again, I will break his arm and slap him with his clipboard. Even now as I sit here performing, I am plotting for my next yard sale. Next week's sale could possibly be the one to get me out of here. Next week's sale could be my escape. Next week's sale could get me home to Nevada. Soon I will see Mama and Jonathan. Soon I will be home!

When twilight's itching scuffles evening's shrug
And graves swing wide to welcome progress kings,
The shamrocks wilt and Nothing breathes its sigh
Of heated apathetic past regrets.

I'll swim into departure's glowing pool
With patchwork tryings pulling at my feet
A red Poseidon's face that boils from all
The lonely seamen chanting epic songs,
Reminding all to test the gods and Fate
Against the soothing pepperminted tea
That fastens swearing's sad suspenders' straps
And quiets angry heartvoice still distraught.
Symphonic nightmares rip their ways intact
With no more of my sanity to lose.

Conceived by agile, solemn monks, the seed
Of disconcertment blooms, and praying's for
A mantis. Perfect starshine means the world
Celeste and Satan wrapped in mortal coils
Her breast, his breath, both fire in a dance
My dark umbrella tent of one more shot
Will keep my cool till morning comes again.
I'll find my habit sleeping next to me
Instead of pristine truth and common sense.
Mistakes will show their bulbous jellied heads,
Congealed but never solid just so that
An understanding comes in vacant dreams
Which die once light hits tired, sticky eyes.
A sour breath will fail to voice the theme
Because forgotten means unlearned and void.
Excuse me, Sir, I'd like my quarter back -
The ride just isn't quite my cup of tea.
Pathetic plated gold successes rust
But maybe if I go around again,
I'll see why I'm a lemming after all,
And absolution's arms will help me jump
Into tomorrow's fuzzy sea of chance.

home sweet. . .

kelly reed

Crumpled coke cans parade junkyard gardens
Gallant festivals celebrate the unity
Home sweet . . . dump of oxidized foundations
The bike used to pedal,
Fleeing the dismal streets
Now cemented in crippling rust
Getaways are for health insurance policies
Welfare ranks stability of the second class
and we victoriously fall.
Lady Luck hoards food stamps
Canyons of glass and splinters
Harvest in calloused steps
Muffled by lurking landfills.
I escape in my golden chariot,
Leaving these junkyard gardens
For children to wander on
Broken bikes and festering feet.

algebra flower

jay adams

To fathom her depth is impossible -
When her sinews go taut
Over mundane tasks:
Pouring a drink,
Folding a towel.
The paper-thin enormity of existence
Gives her body the beauty of purpose.
Ornament is vile, and
She is the supreme goddess of function.
She does nothing frivolously
While doing frivolous things:
Gripping a pencil with severest economy
To sign her loop-laden, fluffy name
Or draw junior-high lovey things.
Her body a linear wonder -
Absent wasted lines, but covered with flowers and
linen,
The most alarming alluring incongruity,
A structural engineer designed bouquet,
Monet gone math,
A coat hanger sprouting dandelions.

Dizzy from this masquerade -
this perpetual whirling and twirling
is wrenching my soul.
Contorted images
dull, unsprucely, colossal
dance their rigid, staccato waltz,
fading into one another, then reappearing
with seemingly symmetrical consistency.
Augmented violins whine their dissatisfaction
while the orchestra attempts the perplexing rhythm.
The masqueraders stare contemptuously
as I, unmasked, dignified,
cross the room.
A tiny flute chirps brightly,
breaking the monotonous orchestration.
Coexistence is a falsity.

I've howled into the night my tears of dismorphia, screams mining into the darkness of birth pangs "give me more!" playing a symphony of discomfort agony wincing from new stings of "never again!" I've scowled into the face of bum-angels and benny-addicts gritting my teeth wanting wondering if they realize their misconstrued reality, where everyone is looking at them on stage under a street lamp as time slowed to remind them of mis-gotten fame. I dreamt one last dream before facing the world, in which I was you waiting for me waiting for you just waiting. The profound thoughts of circumstance were in my mind as if I hadn't blamed myself enough, tortured myself to the fullest. There was another reminder. It was then as the blood of angels flooded my brain I contrived the most profound piece. Simply handed to me like ambrosia, I lusted over the possibility that I might write it. Like salvation I had joy and forgot I was waiting. So I dreamt on, fifty canaries singing like a fanfare standing next to the river Styx. Then I was lucid, as lushly awake as a doorknob. It was gone my poetic masterpiece had left and I sat holding my face in my hands.

The night before, I was there again. In glory and horror, like a train roaring in the jet black sky and without a thought I stepped through the door. All the clock's hands slowed; as I sat, my mind raced, comprehending every single little nuance of the music, every intonation of your speech, every twitch. As I groped for water, the only sign I could give of this terrible comprehension was a lost look and a moan, spread eagle waiting for the door to fall open and send me flying vertical back into my sitting position. Back to my bed hoping to find myself there. Waiting for you waiting for me waiting for waiting's sake.

greed

marcus mccann

Laugh, witch,
and eat your chubby children.
Laugh, witch;
enjoy the coven in your oven.
Laugh, witch.
Laugh, witch,
and dance around the bodies
of the narcissistic hotties
strewn about the gingerbread floor.
Laugh, witch,
you have conquered the world.

suburban poet cowboy sits
and frees his mind
and dreams of range

of dusty street and poker chips
of fearless steed
of helpless dame

suburban poet cowboy writes
and tears his hair
and sighs aloud

of middle class and lack of life
of supermarket
(lost in crowd)

suburban poet cowboy sleeps
and dreams his odes
and lives his songs

of carpe diem, Alamo,
and all for one,
and one for all.

“suburban poet cowboy, rise,
and live your days
and go your rounds

of middle class and lack of life
of supermarket
(die in crowd).”

blah

bob waycott

trying to make heads or tails
of all this blind confusion
an emotional mêlée of madness
made into spiritism
a search for truth
among
the oft-peddled indulgence
of a misguided good intention
has brought a stalemate
and the best of them are taken
into disillusionment
as holiness is made base
and indwelling is a mockery

not affected snobbery
doesn't hide scared little girls
sorry
nothing to save here
(You have to belong) before you can be...

Streets of overripe manholes smear
sentimental logic onto the pavement,
returning to shadows.

Deep within the coffee confines of my collective consciousness, serotonin sluggishness dancing with caffeine doing the salsa laced with second hand slow death. Bent light, who's to say where it's going with its cosmic consciousness and hoo-ra-ra, reading Dante over lack of sleep and rehydration. Misled minds sitting behind inbred tables of order over mediums, spitting "grits in a bowl" onto his convoluted ankle-deep thoughts. Thick-headed redneck hubbub. Only making evident the saving grace "God Loves All," hate mongers and cotton-stuffed ears alike. Disillusioned by the ineffectual sounding of Blah. Generation after generation learning their parents' leeching effects and babbling blah blah psycho-babble wanna-be, though all scripture is the word of God accept, your body is the temple of the Holy Spirit, and filterless cigarettes, the one recompense of a youth mis-spent in steel sweatshops and factories. Being of sound judgment and a sound mind, the insanity radiates. Confessed by his own grit-stained lips, "It's alright I's just caught up in the times, I's was on the dope" abounding. "Right or wrong, Right or wrong! Right!!! (pause) Right?" Convulated mind, high on nicotine and ADD, racing, beating the bush bloody, capping the wind with a shotgun for Peter's sake.

I will learn to keep my welcoming eyes to themselves and avoid poems such as these. Getting lost in the starlight. When did I find that I was wandering aimless in the abyss of sleepless nights, with no more than three cups of caffeine-water and a tall glass of loose stools of the oral orphage. Days spent missing meals of unintelligible food and Biblical Theology spoon-fed me by the well thought out discourse of a man of God, well-versed in seeking out and discerning the will of God. I cannot say really how I entered there, but when I reached the foot of a hill, where the valley ended that had pierced my

heart with fear, I looked on high and saw its shoulders clothed with the rays of the planet that leads us straight on every path. And so I grip to remind myself you're still there and close my eyes again with renewed satisfaction.

Fly on you crazy diamond I won't shrink back at your selective spectrum of color. Feel free to be all that you can in this "land of the free" home of the brave heartless, hold fast to your convoluted logic or otherwise twisted truisms. But, let the Lord lead your speech, weigh your words, for you have accepted the largest proportion of truth and all food digests in time, helped along by heaping full spoons of sugar makes the medicine go down in the most delectable way, and the greatest of these is Love.

So my spirit still fleeing, turned back to gaze again at the pass that has never yet left anyone alive. So know the riddle when you hear the answer. The only piece that fits each individual's jigsaw puzzle goes unnoticed by the walking dead, raising up his temples in three settings of the sun.

No one drinks coffee anymore
We have our mochaccinos and decaf lattés
Whose flavor drowns anything simple
Gurgling, fuming, bubbling, steaming
Black percolated rivers
Now muddied with lighter shades
Of cream, sugar and sophistication
We used to swim in those rivers every day
Now we flop in the bottom
Of crystal gravy boats
Fish out of water
People out of distinction,
Covering our dehydrated scales with masks of feigned
vitality

queen of diamonds
for my sister

hannah matis

We were the moon's waxing daughters,
His brats tumbling through a spill of stars.
A dream thrust a spoon at me, peremptory,
And I swallowed the Milky Way.

Your body is the taut ripple of a bow
With the arrow nocked, fletched to soar
Away to the wilds, to the wastes,

To your boyfriend's car crouched
In our drive. The pull and throw of muscle,
The metallic male taste of reality -

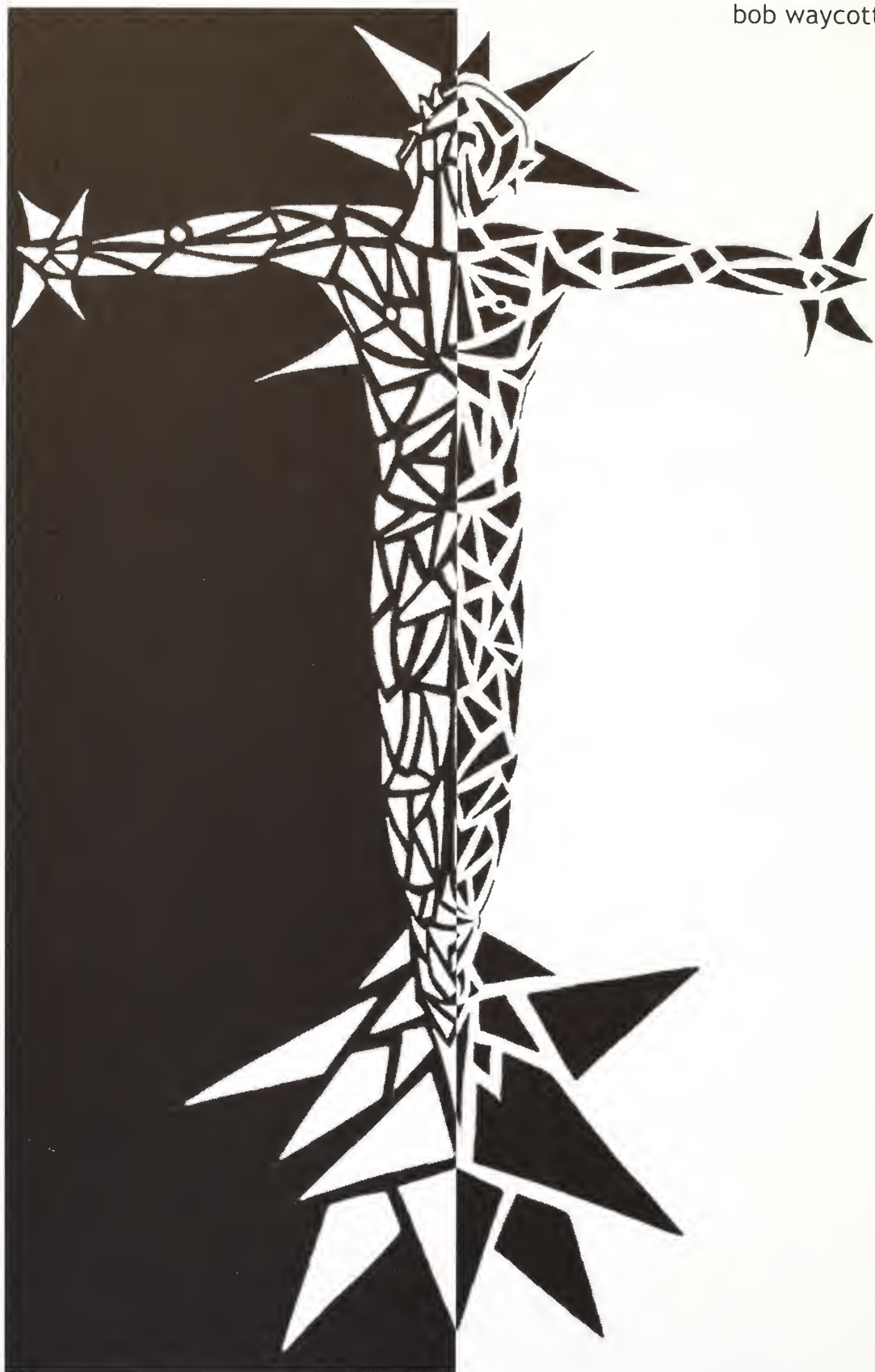
You have always understood them, and
Your cheetah's eyes like burst grapes,
Like copper, are so sure of themselves.

I shuffle a pack of archetypes and play
Solitaire - I never could cram my glass
Menagerie into the back of a Ford Escort,

So afraid of the solace of dark cars, a scalp
Of encounter, a fingernail paring of moon
Jack of clubs on queen of hearts . . .
Ravishing me ordinary.

l'homme pour tous

bob waycott



infidelity

bob waycott

i say you are my christ
and kick violently -
almost forgot to spit in your face -
i push you down
putting you in your place
and laugh till sick
while forcing down your crown
i pull the whip and
viciously stripe your back
as i throw insults -
mockingly bowing down -
raising holy hands
i kiss your cheek
like your disciple did
and take your robes
your nakedness disclosed
i stab your side -
my pleasure is your pain -
i say you are my christ
give prayer and praise
shake hands and say hellos
walk out the door
the chapel behind me now -
on to better things

I have come from the desert to tell you this;
I, who do not mistake jaundice for gold, have come
To tell you to bury me under that sky -
That vaulted dome of Neapolitan ice cream:
Overhead an onyx shock of sky struck stupid
By the ancient salt-fling of innumerable stars,
Swirling in the sun's western wake
And by eastern milky veins of lightning
Veiled by clouds and robed in fire
That groped and fled the breasts of distant
mountains.

Neither thunder nor my ancestors' portable gods
Speak with such terrible and human voices as this -
This voice that billowed without bellowing -
that held me rapt and wrapped in its shrunk
stillness;
The flattening winds fell silent, limped away sullen
with envy.

A gasp tore its hole in my mouth,
Towing behind it a Breath that burned
And bulged in my lungs: immaculate, churning,
pregnant.

Do not think me ironic when I say that
My name was the last of me to change -
I, who do not mistake manna for slop.
I have come from the desert to tell you this:
Bury me under that sky where I was born.

Erratum

p. 70—The following poem was originally printed with a line missing.

After Abram

By Wesley Biddy

I have come from the desert to tell you this;
I, who do not mistake jaundice for gold, have come
To tell you to bury me under that sky—
That vaulted dome of Neapolitan ice cream:
Overhead an onyx shock of sky struck stupid
By the ancient salt-fling of innumerable stars,
Flanked by pink and saffron chiffon
Swirling in the sun's western wake
And by eastern milky veins of lightning
Veiled by clouds and robed in fire
That groped and fled the breasts of distant mountains.
Neither thunder nor my ancestors' portable gods
Speak with such terrible and human voices as this—
This voice that billowed without bellowing—
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The flattening winds fell silent, limped away sullen with envy.
A gasp tore its hole in my mouth,
Towing behind it a Breath that burned
And bulged in my lungs: immaculate, churning, pregnant.
Do not think me ironic when I say that
My name was the last of me to change—
I, who do not mistake manna for slop.
I have come from the desert to tell you this:
Bury me under that sky where I was born.

[illegible]

A careful reading of Plato's *Crito* yields the following question, as stated by R.E. Allen: "Can it conceivably be true that a man ought to abide by his own death sentence, given that the sentence was rendered according to law and that he is not guilty?" After explaining Socrates' position as given in the *Crito*, I intend to show, through critical analyzation of his position through an infusion of my own Christian faith, that such submission is required of any law-abiding citizen of a political community. Let it suffice to say that my conclusion is intended to engage individuals who claim to be citizens of Christendom more so than those who do not call themselves by the name of Christ.

In response to Crito's admonition that Socrates "consider . . . whether this [submission] is not only evil, but shameful" (46a3-4), Socrates' argument concerning the sentence of execution is, simply, one of complete support and submission. That is to say, Socrates argues that it is his obligation to submit to this sentence and it is the morally right action to commit. Stated more systematically, Socrates argues that submission to the death sentence passed against him is a necessary fulfillment of obligation to a just agreement. Furthermore, he must submit in order to uphold the laws of Athens, to not be guilty of a moral injustice, and to continue to act according to the virtue of goodness above all mortal concerns, all of which require contradiction of that which the majority would consider to be proper and acceptable.

Socrates' primary concern in evaluating Crito's proposition of escape is, of course, whether or not such action would be just or unjust. For Socrates, an injustice consists of an injury or wrong done, that is to say a repayment of evil for evil, against one who deserves to be neither injured nor wronged. In regards to one's city or state, Socrates finds injustice in disobedience to the laws and wishes of the city or state in which one resides. With Crito's assent that it is never just, or right, to injure, or commit a wrong against, another person, Socrates launches into discovering if, "when one has come to an agreement that is just with someone," one should fulfill or break that agreement (49e5-7). For Socrates, a just agreement [the sentence] has been made according to the laws of Athens, and to break the agreement, even though that agreement is his death, would be to commit a grave injustice. Personifying the laws, Socrates cites his entire life,

and his willingness to live in Athens all his life and to abide by her laws from the time he was a boy, as proof that he has lived in a just agreement with Athens and her laws for more than seventy years. Accordingly, he argues that he is a servant to the laws of Athens and that he is not on equal footing with the laws to do unto them, that is, to levy an injury against them, as they have done unto him through the men of the trial jury.

The matter of whether the sentence is just is not for Socrates to solve, he argues, but it is his responsibility to see that he remains just in submitting to a sentence that was meted out according to, not by subversion or circumvention of, the laws of Athens. Therefore, Socrates shows that he is obliged to submit to the sentence on the grounds that the laws demand it, and to do so would be to subvert the wrongs, thus committing an unjust act. Further clenching his argument, Socrates cites that since he did not counter-assess exile as his punishment at the trial, his escape would be to do that which the city had originally offered him, only now it would be against the cities wishes, which would therefore be to wrong Athens. Thus, Crito's statement that it would be evil and shameful for Socrates to submit to death is more than partially defeated.

To the next point, Socrates argues that to escape would be to further commit injustice by contradicting the virtue of goodness, to which he must remain faithful above all things. This point is made in response to Crito's accusation that Socrates is wrong "to give up [his] life when [he] can save it," and that it is "shameful" for him to submit, in addition to Crito's questioning of whether this is the best course of action for Socrates to take in light of his family's needs (45c5-8, 46a4). To this point, Socrates brings out many examples to prove that his course of action is the good, and therefore virtuous, course to take.

First, he explains that to escape would place his friends in danger of exile, disenfranchisement, and loss of their personal property. Logically, this showed Socrates that his escape would not bring any good consequences to his friends that were offering their support, but that it would actually harm them. For Socrates, this would be enough to decide against the action because he believed to harm someone was to wrong them, and to wrong someone is to commit an injustice against them. Clearly, Socrates argues, this is not in keeping with the virtuous path.

Next, Socrates argues that he himself would not profit from the escape because he would be giving Athens reason to believe that their unjust sentence was actually just, and he would only end up contend-

ing with the same problems in other cities that he had devoted so many years to in Athens. Additionally, Socrates says that he would also be thought ridiculous because he greedily escaped to hold onto life when he was so near death naturally anyway. This, too, would not be evidence of the good in Socrates because the good should make Socrates an exemplary figure, not an exiled fugitive thought ridiculous by all men.

Finally, in response to Crito's charges that his refusal to escape would be an irresponsible act as a father, Socrates responds simply by invoking the personified laws, who admonish Socrates in this manner: "Do not value either your children or your life or anything else more than goodness, in order that when you arrive in Hades you may have all this as your defence before the rulers there" (54b2-5). Restated, Socrates argued that to do anything but look to goodness, and how he might personify and operate according to it in considering Crito's offer of escape, would be to commit a wrong, and thus an injustice, thereby nullifying the good.

Now the question before us is whether or not Socrates is justified, and therefore right, in making this argument. To take it a step further, we have the particular task of ascertaining whether or not, if Socrates is serious and if what he says is right, "we are doing exactly the opposite of what we should." To make it plain, my contention is that we are doing exactly the opposite of what we should and I mean to prove that as reasonably and adequately as I can.

Attending to Socrates' argument first, as succinctly as possible, we must support the validity of the arguments that Socrates offers in support of submitting himself to an action which has otherwise been decided just by the organisms of the state, regardless of personal opinion on the matter of whether it is, in reality, just or not. It is important here to understand that Socrates is attempting to show the city of Athens just how backward, upside-down, and turned-around their thinking on the important aspects of life is. He is only interested in leading the Athenians to understand that they need to forfeit their concern with earthly pleasures and commit themselves to righteousness, to moderation, to courage, to freedom, and to truth, as he names the ornaments of the soul in the *Phaedo*. There is simple truth in Socrates' arguments in deciding if his escape would be a just or an unjust action by stating that any action that wrongs someone is never right, and therefore can never be argued just, and then juxtaposing his possible course of action against this fundamental understanding.

Upon first bringing the plan of escape to Socrates, Crito attempts to appeal to him by citing the negative opinion that the public would have of him and his followers if he were not to escape. It is no wonder that this statement stirred Socrates, who had spent so many years trying to teach an ignorant people the ways of truth. Socrates makes a very eloquent argument concerning the role of the majority in deciding matters of morality within a political and social community - a little ancient majoritarianism. Socrates questions Crito and receives in return Crito's assent that only some men ought to be listened to concerning the good, and that only some men should be looked to for praise. He proceeds from there to establish that there is only a select few that have a firm grasp on the just, the good, the virtuous, and that only that group should be heeded. Furthermore, Socrates argues, all of Crito's objections concerning what the majority might think about Socrates escaping or not are meaningless because only those men who have a proper grasp upon the qualities of the good life will be able to correctly see and interpret the goodness of Socrates' willing submission to the sentence passed upon him.

For Socrates, the majority is perhaps the one organization that is to not be considered in defining moral truth. Or, conversely, perhaps it should play the largest guiding role, in that whatever the majority thinks, says, teaches, and practices ought to be turned upside down to find what is morally true and what is the virtuous aspect of some action or belief. Socrates' beliefs settle down upon this fact: that in the deliberating and deciding of the good we should

follow . . . one who has knowledge of these things and before whom we feel fear and shame more than before all the others. If we do not follow his directions, we shall harm and corrupt that part of ourselves that is improved by just actions and destroyed by unjust actions (47d1-5).

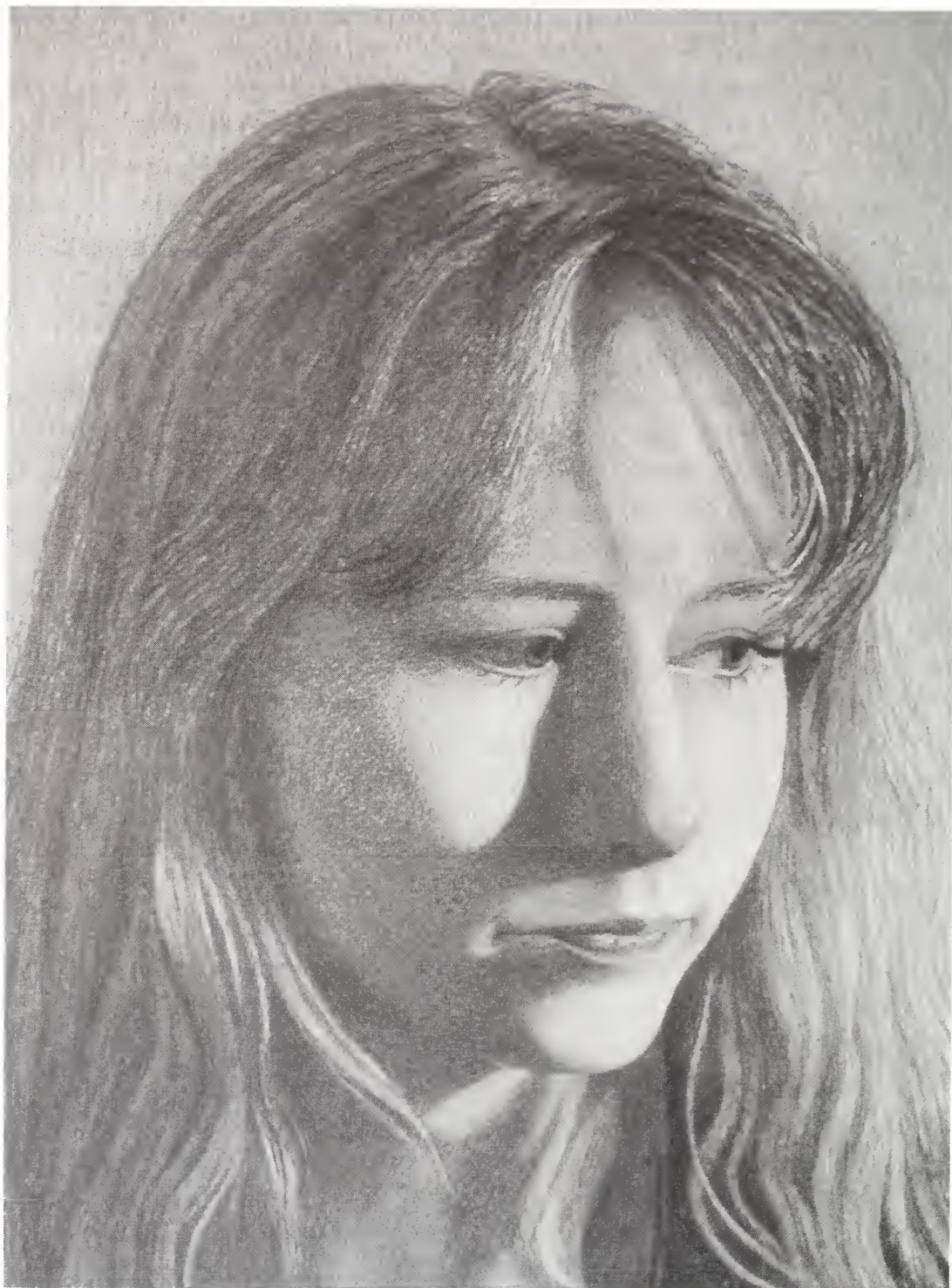
Socrates has truly hit the proverbial nail on the proverbial head in this matter. From a Christian perspective, we are commanded to serve the temporal government that exists over us as a service to God and to our fellow man. Paul's epistle to the Romans (13:1-7) discusses this very issue and admonishes all Christians to submit themselves to their authorities and the laws that are enacted over them, for the leadership that is placed over them is placed there by God to provide a stable social order. As we obey our government, we are serving as examples to our compatriots, be they Christian or not, and are helping our government maintain that social order by exemplifying a respect for authority and a willingness to support it, though it may be unjust.

When the state does commit an act of injustice, we should seek to bring the matter to its attention, through all means that are allowed me by the laws of the government, that we might reprove it and bring the error to light in hope that it will not continue to willingly commit injustice.

However, if the government we live under is unjust, we are all the more obliged to serve it, to show it the true meaning of justice through words and deeds. If that same state were to enact legal codes that violated our own personal convictions, we may be forced to act in such a manner that violated those laws so we would not compromise what we know to be good and virtuous and just. If we were brought before the court and convicted of injustice for violating what we believed to be the state's injustice, we are required to submit to the punishment that is due us according to the laws that we have so long lived under, in an effort to be an example. Our willing submission to even an unjust sentence would be further proof that we are just, that if we are unable to show through the legal channels of the state that our position is just, we were still operating in goodness, righteousness, and justice in submitting to an unjust sentence. We commit injustice the moment we violate Christ's command to not resist evil done to us by another if we attempt to rebel against our government or incite some larger scaled revolt against its laws, or if we shirk our responsibility to submit to the penalties due a law-breaker. If we truly are righteous and just, if we enjoy living the good life, then it follows that we must also be willing to die the good death, even if at the hands of unjust women and men.

self-portrait

elisabeth schirmers



Being a cashier at McDonald's isn't exactly the most rewarding job or the most sought-after job, but I was sixteen and desperate and I had a lot to learn. I filled out my application and turned it in. Fifteen minutes later, I had an interview and the job. My parents were happy because now I would be able to pay for most of my "stuff." I was scared. Life would be different for me; no more after school hanging out with my friends or doing nothing. Life would be school and work.

It was my first night as a McDonald's worker. My uniform hadn't come in yet, so I was wearing an old pair of jeans, blue Converse shoes, and a black shirt with a surfer cat on the pocket. Therefore, I was spotted like a cheetah. I was the "new girl." My trainer's name was Jessica. Jessica was a junior in high school. We knew each other by association. She showed me where they kept all of the sauces, barbecue, sweet-n-sour, hot mustard, ketchup, mayonnaise, honey mustard, honey, and mustard. She told me if I had nothing to do I could always fill up the sauces. Then, she showed me how to make french fries, and how to look like you're busy by wiping the counter off with a towel over and over. Finally, she showed me how to make an ice cream cone. She would make an ice cream cone, then I would try to emulate what she did. Then, she made another one. She started to smell it. Jessica crinkled up her nose real funny and said, "Man, this ice cream cone smells." She asked one of the grill guys to smell it, and they agreed that it smelled. She asked me to smell, so I did. I leaned over to smell, and she stuck the cone up my nose! It was cold and sticky. It felt horrible. Everyone laughed, I laughed. Every new person that is trained has the "Ice Cream Smeller Test."

Soon, I caught on to everything - the menu, the act of appearing busy, and the people. Almost every night an old man would come in and he would order a "Bud Light" (which was a

decaffeinated coffee). Most of the time, he wouldn't have to say anything. I would see him and automatically pour him a Bud Light. One couple would always order two #7s with a diet and Dr. Pepper. Then there was another inconvenient couple that would always order their fries without salt and their McRibbs without the barbecue sauce. I would say that most of the business came from senior citizens.

One couple in particular came in every night. The gentleman, who we called "Cowboy" because he always wore a cowboy hat, ordered a senior coffee. He was a medium built man, probably in his late 60s. He had a dark mustache and he had glasses. He wore a belt that had a picture of his wife when she was young. His wife was a dashing woman. She had dark hair and she fixed it like she was still in the '40s. I could tell that they loved each other. She had a pleasant smile when she ordered her senior coffee.

Sometimes, you get used to seeing people and find yourself anticipating their arrival. That's how it became with the Cowboy. I started to notice that he hadn't been by in a while. A month or so had passed and still no sign of him. I think someone read in the newspaper that his wife had died.

The Cowboy finally made his way by in his own time. We all gave our regards and I could tell he was sad. Three years later, I still see him.

People come and people go. They order and leave. They live and they die. I suppose life is a process and no matter what happens to those you love, that process must continue.

thank you

If we, the editors, offend
Please keep in mind that "all have sinned,"
And if we fall short of glory,
Print a bad poem or story
Or leave out one that you think better
Than these, don't just write a letter
Ranting that we're fools and jerks
Whose wretched taste can't tell great works
From poor ones, or vandalize
And loot Cleveland to scandalize
Our fair school - join the staff next year!
(Lord knows we always need help here.)
We're printing art for its own sake.
In doing so, we know we take
The chance that all will not like all,
But surely no mind is too small
To let some harmless writing in
Without denouncing it as sin.
With that said, we with pride present
A volume, we hope you'll assent,
That brings together quite a bit
That's worth a read. So enjoy! Sit,
Peruse this book, if we be friends,
And soon art shall restore amends.

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The light suddenly alights overhead:

"The only place you'll ever find success before work is in the dictionary."

--May V. Smith

FIN

